

The Mirror

OF

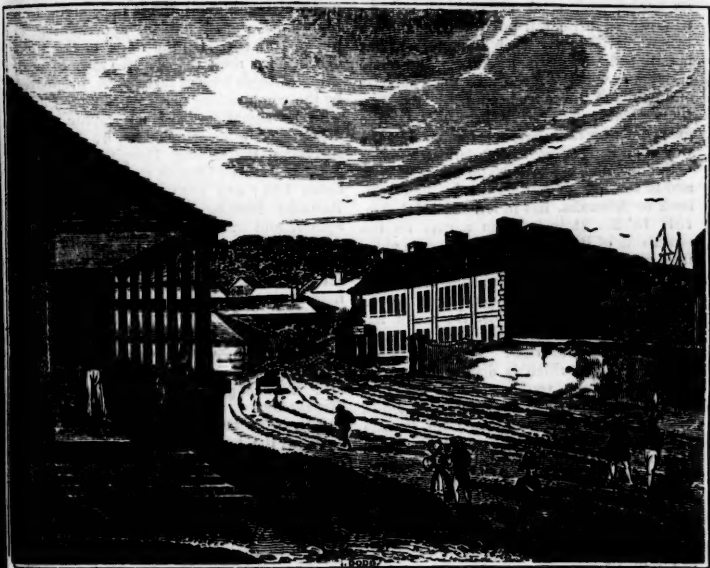
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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NEW SOUTH WALES.



PRINCIPAL STREET IN SYDNEY.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SYDNEY.

VOL. XXI.

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SYDNEY—NEW SOUTH WALES.

FIVE-AND-FORTY years since, the first ship-load of convicts was landed at Botany Bay, and the important labour of colonization commenced. Yet, so rapid has been its progress, that the present capital of the British settlements here may be regarded as the germ of a powerful empire. Sydney has its banks, joint stock associations, schools, newspapers, periodical publications, and we believe, its *Mirror*. Such improvement has outstripped anticipation, and is the more surprising when we consider the character and habits of the convicts annually landed on these shores, and the difficulties which the great distance from England interpose in the way of an emigration of voluntary settlers.

Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, and of the British settlements in New Holland, or Australia, lies in lat. $33^{\circ} 15' S.$, lon. $151^{\circ} 15' E.$ It is built on a cove on the south side of Port Jackson, about seven miles from its mouth, which you enter between two high bluff points, named the North and South heads, about three quarters of a mile apart. Proceeding onwards, the sweet, natural scenery of the queen of harbours expands upon your view. You steer nearly west to Sydney, which is distant five miles; the first glimpse you have of its situation being the tall and slender spire of St. George's church, shooting up into the clear horizon before you. The shores onward are bold, and often precipitous, agreeably varied in their general outline by romantic little bays. A few rocky islands, feathered lightly with scrubby brushwood, lie carelessly scattered, as it were, along the course of the harbour; but none of them realize the *poetical* image of Campbell,

And the long isles of Sydney Cove to view :

the most noted being one fronting the Cove, bearing the unpoetical name of Pinchgut, on account of its having been the primitive prison of the colony, and the spot, also, whereon malefactors were formerly hung in chains.

Sydney Cove is formed by two ridges running out into the harbour; the one to the left terminating in Bennilong's Point, on the low extremity whereof stands Fort Macquarrie, with its castellated martello towers; and that to the right is Dawes' Point, with a fort bearing that name, which, in like manner occupies its extremity. Down the hollow, between these ridges, a small rill trickles slowly into the head of the Cove, in the rocky sandstone bed of which tanks have been cut, to retain the water during the summer drought. Along this hollow, for upwards of a mile in a westerly direction, extends the main thoroughfare, George-street, (*See the first Engraving*;) while all the other streets either run parallel to, or at right angles,—the town thus occu-

pying the whole of the hollow, and creeping up the gradual ascents on each side.

"The ridge on the left is successively crowned by the lofty-looking buildings of the Horse Barracks, the Colonial Hospital, the Convict Barracks, and a fine Gothic Catholic chapel; beyond which lies the promenade of Hyde Park, flanked towards the town by a row of pretty cottages, and towards the country by a high brick-walled garden, appertaining to the government. On the ridge to the right of the Cove, rows rising above rows of neat, white cottages present themselves, overlooked by the commanding position of Fort Philip, with its signal-post and telegraphic appendages; following which line, we behold in succession the Military Hospital and wind-mill, St. James's Church, the Gothic Presbyterian kirk; and beyond these the Military Barracks, forming three-fourths of a large square, and opening to George-street. A few hundred yards from the head of the Cove, towards the left, stands the Governor's House, with its beautiful domain in front, ornamented by large trees, of the finest and most varied foliage, scattered singly or in clumps; with a fine belt of shrubbery closing in the back ground,—the whole occupying a space from beyond the head of the Cove to near Bennilong's Point."—(*See the Second Engraving*.)

"Near the harbour, where ground is very valuable, the houses are usually contiguous, like those of the towns in England; but, generally speaking, the better sort of houses in Sydney are built in the detached cottage style—of white freestone, or of brick, plastered and whitewashed, one or two stories high, with verandas in front, and enclosed by a neat, wooden paling, lined occasionally with trim-pruned geranium hedges;—they have besides a commodious garden attached.

Although all you see are English faces, and you hear no other language but English spoken, yet you soon become aware you are in a country very different from England, by the number of parrots and other birds of strange note and plumage which you observe hanging at so many doors, and cagefuls of which you will soon see exposed for sale as you proceed. The government gangs of convicts, also, marching backwards and forwards from their work, in single military file, and the solitary ones straggling here and there, with their white woollen Paramatta frocks and trousers, or grey or yellow jackets, with duck overalls, (the different styles of dress denoting the oldness or newness of their arrival,) all daubed over with broad arrows, "P. B.'s," "C. B.'s," and various numerals in black, white, and red, with perhaps the jail-gang straddling sulkily by in their jingling leg-chains—tell a tale too plain to be misunderstood.

Sydney, from the scattered state of its

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buildings, necessarily occupies a great extent of ground, stretching from Dawes' Point, in the line of George-street, and a mile and a half in length; and from the top of the ridge on the left, across that on the right, (quite to Darling Harbour beyond,) about one-fifth of that distance in breadth. The streets are commonly named after the various governors, secretaries, and other public officers who have borne sway in the colony: thus we have Phillip, Hunter, King, Bligh, Macquarrie, Brisbane, O'Connell, Erskine, Campbell, and Goulburn-streets.

Sydney contains the parish churches of St. Philip on the right, and St. George on the left; also a Presbyterian kirk; a Methodist and a Catholic chapel; a male orphan school, endowed by the government; and a benevolent asylum, supported by private charity. It has steam flour-mills, water-mills, and wind-mills, in the immediate vicinity; while a number of breweries are scattered about the town; extensive distilleries have also been erected.

George-street contains a commodious market-house, and a jail—a most wretched structure, though “a more commodious” one stands on the South-head road. The Court-house for civil and criminal proceedings stands close to St. Philip's, fronting Hyde Park.

The Government House, shown in the Engraving, is well appointed. The Governor here gives public dinners, and his good lady here even more social *soirées*. “Neither does Mrs. Darling confine her polite attentions solely to the adult; but extends them likewise to the juvenile portion of the population, who are gratified with several youthful fetes. This lady is also one of the most zealous patronizers of the schools for poor children,” and patroness of other laudable institutions.

The population of Sydney was stated in the last census, 1828, at 11,000; and the entire population of the colony at 35,598.

We are indebted for the substance of these details to Mr. Cunningham's sensible and accredited work, entitled *Two Years in New South Wales*.

LONDON AS IT IS.

“CHANGE.”

I REMEMBER my *debut* at the Royal Exchange; it was a hot afternoon, in the earliest day of August; the Revolution across the Channel was effecting, and the thunder of the event was here reverberated from the thousand and one anxious tongues congregated in this deafening arena of commercial activity and strife. Ever curious “to trace the mind's complexion in the face,” so soon as I recovered from the stunning clamour, I essayed to peruse a few leaves from the ponderous and medley chaptered volume offered to my observation.

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Surmise sat on every countenance. Here a group of anxious inquirers and greedy listeners, besetting a retailer of chips and stray faggots from the bundle of political gossip;—there a knot of economists, sagely instituting a new scheme of government for the disorganized state;—here the rubicund countenance of Mr. R., (the great importer), its purpurean glow heightened at the anticipated rise in wines and French brandies;—there the woe-begone visage of a chop-fallen speculator in French *rentes*. “The king has fled from Rambouillet!” doled out one. “He has embarked at Cherbourg!” quoth a second—“and intelligence has arrived that he is on his way to England.” “Charles has landed at Plymouth!” interrupted a portentous looking personage, who just joined our *clique*. A bustle at the great southern entrance to ‘Change, with the appearance of a busy, news-gathering, dapper-looking sort of creature—his little grey eyes redolent of intelligence, prematurely consigned the importance of the last speaker to oblivion. “The King has arrived in London—at Jau-nay's, Leicester-square!—the Chambers are convoked—France voted a Republic—Lafayette President—*Rentes* have *viz*!”

“Huzza!” shouted the chop-fallen speculator. “Fudge!” growled Mr. R. “It's a truth, ‘pon honour,” continued the dapper—“just had it of Mr. B., of Mincing-lane, who got it in a note from Sir Charles F—, who procured it of R—th's—d, and who has just seen one of the under sec.'s, who had just arrived from the Treasury, where they had that moment received an express from Paris. I say, R., what will you let me have those brandies for, eh?—give you three and two—only two shillings under what I bade for them this morning.” And R. took three and two. “I say, P—, a friend of mine holds six thousand in *rentes*;—now's your time;—they're yours at five over last quotation!” And P— accepted the dapper's quotation. Thus much for ‘Change mendacity. The man of intelligence negotiated poor R.'s brandies in half an hour at five and twopence, and the chop-fallen speculator sold out at whatever his *rentes* could bring.

When in the mood, I delight immersing and associating myself in sentiment with the anxious individuals of “many a clime and many a tongue,” who make up the gross concretion of this motley crowd. The swart Indian, of either hemisphere, from the jungles of the east and the savannahs of the west,—the lively Frenchman and phlegmatic Dutchman,—the rich Armenian, and the dexterous Greek,—the effeminate Italian, the haughty Spaniard, and the calculating American,—here they are, tributaries to the mighty stream, which swells up the tide of commerce to our modern Tyre.

It is amusing to ruminate on the various

countenances agitated by one actuating principle. Although one of the crowd, and anxious, (in my brief way,) as any around, I always find in the pauses of my pursuits, an opportunity of retiring within myself, and in the most stunning din, of wrapping on the sable mantle of reflection, which "librates and exempts me from them all ;"

"For mine is not the spirit that avoids
'Midst temporal dealings these communings strange:
Albeit 'disgracious in the city's eyes ;'
Often I meet rare Trinculo's at Lloyd's,
And Hamlet sweetly walks with me on 'Change."

The commercial enterprise of London may be divided into four classes—the Capitalists, the Shipping Interest, the Holders, and Brokers. The latter useful class may be divided into Commercial and Billbrokers. To purchase for any market, whatever it may be—of calicoes, wine, wood, tallow, coffee, &c.—the holder of such articles is rarely applied to, but through the intervention of the broker, who negotiates the transaction at a per centage on the amount. The operations of the first class—namely, the Capitalists—are chiefly confined to the Stock Exchange. The last three are more immediately connected with our subject. All bargains of importance are driven and closed on 'Change; you may truckle a whole morning away in the counting-house, and not effect a single transaction. The hour of 'Change arrives—the stream of population sets in—Lloyd's, the Mart, Toms's, and the other fifty rendezvous, pour forth their myriads—and in a few minutes it is one dense, undulating mass. This is the *itching* time for buying, bartering, selling, insuring; ships are freighted to all parts of the world; insurances effected, and the elements estimated at a discount; cargoes bought, at the time, perhaps, in the maw of Amphitrite; crops sold, ere Nature has yielded up the birth. Here you may stipulate for timber, now waving on Norwegian hills; or contract for the oil of Leviathan, whose golden fins are even then gambolling in the pale glory of an Arctic sun. I.

AFTER BATTLE.

Up with our flag,
On tower and crag,
The vanquished crouch before us!
The battle's fought,
The conquest wrought,
And victory's sun shines o'er us!
Our country's name
Was won to fame,
When tyrants o'er ran her;
With noble soul
She spurned control,
And planted freedom's banner!
And now we stand
A conquering band,
In dauntless ranks assembled;
Tho' some are slain,
Their loss is gain—
They fell, but never trembled!
One shout for home,
Where'er we roam,

And one for those who love us;
The blood-red bier
Of Death, a tear—
And thanks to Heaven above us!

Wave, wave our flag,
O'er tower and crag!
The brightest page in story—
This day will crown
With rich renown—
To blaze in deathless glory!

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

EARTH-EATERS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(By Baron Humboldt.)

SINCE my return to Europe, the fact of eating earth has become a subject of warm dispute, because two assertions have been confounded together, which are extremely different; that of eating earth, and that of being nourished by it. Though we could stay only one day at Uruana, this short space of time sufficed to instruct us in the preparation of the poya, or balls of earth. I also found some traces of this vitiated appetite among the Guamaes, and between the confluence of the Meta and the Apure, where every body speaks of geophagy as of a thing anciently known. I shall here confine myself to an account of what we ourselves saw, or heard from the missionary whom an unhappy fatality had doomed to live for twelve years among the savage and turbulent tribe of the Otomacs.

The inhabitants of Uruana belong to those nations of the savannahs, who, more difficult to civilize than the nations of the forest, have a decided aversion to cultivate the land, and live almost exclusively on hunting and fishing. They are men of a very robust constitution, but ugly, savage, vindictive, and passionately fond of fermented liquors. They are omnivorous animals in the highest degree; and therefore the other Indians who consider them as barbarians, have a common saying, "Nothing is so disgusting, that an Otomac will not eat it." While the waters of the Orinoco and its tributary streams are low, the Otomacs subsist on fish and turtles. The former they kill with surprising dexterity, by shooting them with an arrow when they appear at the surface of the water. When the rivers swell, which in South America, as well as in Egypt and in Nubia, is erroneously attributed to the melting of the snows, and which occurs periodically in every part of the torrid zone, fishing almost entirely ceases. It is then as difficult to procure fish in the rivers, which are become deeper, as when you are sailing on the open sea. It often fails the poor missionaries on fast-days as well as flesh-days, though all the young Indians are under the obligation of "fishing for the convent." At the period of these inundations, which last two or three months, the Otomacs swallow a prodigious quantity of earth.

We found heaps of balls in their huts, piled up in pyramids three or four feet high. These balls were five or six inches in diameter. The earth which the Otomacs eat is a very fine and unctuous clay, of a yellowish-grey colour; and being slightly baked in the fire, the hardened crust has a tint inclining to red, owing to the oxide of iron which is mingled with it. We brought away some of this earth, which we took from the winter provision of the Indians; and it is absolutely false that it is steatitic, and contains magnesia. M. Vauquelin did not discover any traces of this earth in it; but he found that it contained more silica than alumina, and three or four per cent of lime.

The Otomacs do not eat every kind of clay indifferently: they choose the alluvial beds or strata that contain the most unctuous earth, and the smoothest to the feel. I inquired of the missionary, whether the moistened clay were made to undergo, as Father Gumilla asserts, that peculiar decomposition which is indicated by a disengagement of carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen, and which is designated in every language by the term putrefaction? but he assured us, that the natives neither cause the clay to rot, nor do they mingle it with flour of maize, oil of turtles' eggs, or fat of the crocodile. We ourselves examined, both at the Orinoco and after our return to Paris, the balls of earth which we brought away with us, and found no trace of the mixture of any organic substance, whether oily or farinaceous. The savage regards every thing as nourishing, that appeases hunger. When therefore you inquire of an Otomac, on what he subsists during the two months when the river is the highest, he shows you his balls of clayey earth. This he calls his principal food; for at this period he can seldom procure a lizard, a root of fern, or a dead fish swimming at the surface of the water.

If the Indian eat earth from want during two months, (and from three quarters to five quarters of a pound in twenty-four hours), he does not the less regale himself with it during the rest of the year. Every day in the season of drought, when fishing is most abundant, he scrapes his balls of poya, and mingles a little clay with his other aliment. What is most surprising is, that the Otomacs do not become lean by swallowing such quantities of earth: they are, on the contrary, extremely robust, and far from having the belly tense and puffed up. The missionary Fray Ramon Bueno asserts, that he never remarked any alteration in the health of the natives at the period of the great risings of the Orinoco.

The following are the facts in all their simplicity, which we were able to verify. The Otomacs during some months eat daily three quarters of a pound of clay, slightly hardened by fire, without their health being sensibly

affected by it. They moisten the earth afresh when they are going to swallow it. It has not been possible to verify hitherto with precision how much nutritious vegetable or animal matter the Indians take in a week at the same time; but it is certain, that they attribute the sensation of satiety which they feel, to the clay, and not to the wretched aliments which they take with it occasionally. No physiological phenomenon being entirely insulated, it may be interesting to examine several analogous phenomena, which I have been able to collect.

I observed everywhere within the torrid zone, in a great number of individuals, children, women, and sometimes even full grown men, an inordinate and almost irresistible desire of swallowing earth—not an alkaline or calcareous earth, to neutralize (as it is vulgarly said) acid juices, but a fat clay, unctuous, and exhaling a strong smell. It is often found necessary to tie the children's hands, or to confine them, to prevent their eating earth when the rain ceases to fall. At the village of Banco, on the bank of the river Magdalena, I saw the Indian women who make pottery, continually swallowing great pieces of clay. These women were not in a state of pregnancy; and they affirmed that "earth is an aliment which they do not find hurtful." In other American tribes, people soon fall sick, and waste away, when they yield too much to this mania of eating earth. We found at the mission of San Borja, an Indian child of the Guahibo nation who was as thin as a skeleton. The mother informed us by an interpreter, that the little girl was reduced to this lamentable state of atrophy in consequence of a disordered appetite, having refused during four months to take almost any other food than clay. Yet San Borja is only twenty-five leagues distant from the mission of Uruana, inhabited by that tribe of the Otomacs, who, from the effect no doubt of a habit progressively acquired, swallow the poya without experiencing any pernicious effects. Father Gumilla asserts, that the Otomacs purge themselves with oil, or rather with melted fat of the crocodile, when they feel any gastric obstructions; but the missionary whom we found among them was little disposed to confirm this assertion.

The Negroes on the coast of Guinea delight in eating a yellowish earth, which they call caouac. The slaves who are taken to America try to procure for themselves the same enjoyment; but it is constantly detrimental to their health. They say "that the earth of the West Indies is not so easy of digestion as that of their country." Thibaut de Chanvalon, in his voyage to Martinico, expresses himself very judiciously on that pathological phenomenon. "Another cause," he says, "of this pain in the stomach is, that several of the Negroes who come from

the coast of Guinea eat earth, not from a depraved taste, or in consequence of a disease, but from a habit contracted at home in Africa, where, they eat, they say, a particular earth, the taste of which they find agreeable, without suffering any inconvenience. They seek in our islands for the earth the most similar to this, and prefer a yellowish and volcanic tufa. It is sold secretly in our public markets; but this is an abuse which the police ought to correct. The Negroes who have this habit are so fond of caouac, that no chastisement will prevent their eating it."

In the Indian Archipelago, at the island of Java, M. Labillardiere saw, between Surabaga and Samarang, little square and reddish cakes exposed to sale. These cakes, called tanaampo, were cakes of clay, slightly baked, which the natives eat with appetite.

The savage inhabitants of New Caledonia also, to appease their hunger in times of scarcity, eat great pieces of a friable lapis ollaris. M. Vauquelin analyzed this stone, and found in it, besides magnesia and silic in equal portions, a small quantity of oxide of copper. Mr. Goldberry had seen the Negroes in Africa, in the islands of Bunck and Los Idolos, eat an earth, of which he had himself eaten without being incommoded by it, and which also was a white and friable steatite.

In looking over these examples, which are all taken from the torrid zone, we are struck by the idea of finding a taste, which nature, it would seem, should have reserved for the inhabitants of the most sterile regions, prevail among races of rude and indolent men, who live in the finest and most fertile countries on the globe. We saw at Popayan, and in several mountainous parts of Peru, lime reduced to a very fine powder, sold in the public markets to the natives among other articles of provision. This powder, when used, is mingled with cocoa. It is well known that Indian messengers take no other aliment for whole days than lime and cocoa: both excite the secretion of spittle, and of the gastric juice, and they take away the appetite without giving any nourishment to the body. In other parts of South America, on the coast of Rio de la Hacha, the Guajiros swallow lime alone, without adding any vegetable matter to it. They always carry with them a little box filled with the lime, as we do snuff-boxes, and as in Asia people carry a betel box. This American custom excited the curiosity of the first Spanish navigators. Lime blackens the teeth; and in the Indian Archipelago, as among several American hordes, to blacken the teeth is to beautify them. In the cold regions of the kingdom of Quito, the natives of Tigua eat habitually from choice, and without being incommoded by it, a very fine clay, mixed with quartzose sand. This clay suspended in water renders

it milky. We find in their huts large vessels filled with this water, which serves as a beverage, and which the Indians call *agua* or *leche de lanka*, milk of clay.

When we reflect on the whole of these facts, we perceive that this disorderly appetite for clayey, magnesian, and calcareous earth, is most common among the people of the torrid zone; that it is not always a cause of disease; and that some tribes eat earth from choice, while others, (the Otomacs in America, and the inhabitants of New Caledonia, in the Pacific Ocean), eat it from want, and to appease hunger. A great number of physiological phenomena prove, that a temporary cessation of hunger may be produced, without the substances that are submitted to the organs of digestion being, properly speaking, nutritive.

It is known, that great use is still made in the East of the bolar and sigillated earths of Lemnos, which are clay mingled with oxide of iron. In Germany, the workmen employed in the quarries of sandstone worked at the mountain of Kiffhenser, spread a very fine clay upon their bread instead of butter, which they call stein butter, stone butter; and they find it singularly filling, and easy of digestion.

Like man in a savage state, some animals also, when pressed by hunger in winter, swallow clay or friable steatites: such are the wolves in the north-east of Europe, the reindeer, and, according to the testimony of M. Patrin, the kids in Siberia. The Russian hunters on the banks of the Jenisey and the Amour use a clayey matter, which they call rock butter, as a bait. The animals scent this clay from afar, and are fond of the smell as the clays of Bucaros, known in Portugal and Spain by the name of odoriferous earths (*tierras olorosas*), have an odour agreeable to women.* Brown relates, in his History of Jamaica, that the crocodiles of South America swallow small stones, and pieces of very hard wood, when the lakes which they inhabit are dry, or when they are in want of food. "M. Bonpland and I observed in a crocodile eleven feet long, which we dissected at Batteley, on the banks of the Rio Magdalena, that the stomach of this reptile contained fish half digested, and rounded fragments of granite three or four inches in diameter. It is difficult to admit that the crocodiles swallow these stony masses accidentally, for they do not catch fish with their lower jaw resting on the ground at the bottom of the river. The Indians have framed the absurd hypothesis that these indolent animals like to augment their weight, that they may have less trouble

* Bucaro, *vas fœtile odoriferum*. People are fond of drinking out of these vessels on account of the smell of the clay. The women of the province of Alentejo acquire a habit of chewing the Bucaro earth; and feel a great privation when they cannot indulge this vitiated taste.

is diving! I rather think, that they load their stomach with large pebbles, to excite an abundant secretion of gastric juice. The experiments of M. Magendie render this explanation extremely probable. With respect to the habit of the granivorous birds, particularly the gallinaceæ and ostriches, of swallowing sand and small pebbles, it has been hitherto attributed to an instinctive desire of accelerating the trituration of the aliments in a muscular and thick stomach."

Select Biography.

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, L.L.B.

MR. CRABBE has been emphatically styled the *Poet of the Poor*: he tells their annals, not "short and simple," as a fallacious line denotes them to be, in words of impassioned truth, with little of the garnish of fancy, but more of the embellishment of exaggeration. Few men of Mr. Crabbe's fame were so little known personally in the literary world;—of simple and studious habits, he confined himself to the retirement of his rectory, to the unambitious fulfilment of his duties, and to the education of his family. He formed a sort of connecting link between the literature of the last century and that of the present day. With the exception of the venerable Lord Stowell, he was the last surviving man mentioned by Boswell, in connexion with Johnson.

The subject of this sketch was born December 24, 1754, at Aldborough, in Suffolk, where his father and grandfather were officers of his Majesty's Customs. At an early age, he was placed by his father in a school in his native town—probably with no other view than that of his acquiring such a knowledge of arithmetic and accounts as would fit him for the paternal employment; but, when his prospects brightened, Mr. Crabbe removed his son to a classical seminary, where he was competently educated for a surgeon and apothecary, to which business he was in due time apprenticed; but he was subsequently induced to relinquish all views of establishing himself in practice.

Mr. Crabbe, the father, was a mathematician; and in the course of his studies, he became acquainted with, and purchased the periodical works of Mr. Benjamin Martin, the well-known writer on mathematics, which he seasoned with a certain species of poetry.

Mr. Crabbe, having much respect for the scientific part of the publication, and not much for the poetical, separated the different parts, which were paged with that view; and collecting the more favoured portions, mathematics and natural philosophy, in decent binding, he sewed the poetry in paper, and left it to the chance perusal of his children. The verses attracted the attention of young

George: he copied them at school as an amusement: when his memory failed, he supplied the defect by his invention: thus, at a very early period of his life, became a versifier; and among his precocious triumphs, was a prize poem on Hope, which he gained in a *Lady's Magazine*, then published by Mr. Wheble.

In 1778, Mr. Crabbe, having given up the profession of a surgeon, left Aldborough, and came to London. He lodged with a family in the City; and here, in this ungenial, unpoetical place, he made versification his chief study, and obtained such knowledge of mankind from books as his finances enabled him to secure in those days of dear literature. One of his earliest acquaintances was Mr. Bonnycastle, the present Master of the Military Academy at Woolwich, to whom Mr. Crabbe acknowledged himself indebted for many hours of consolation, amusement, and instruction.

Mr. Crabbe's first published work was *The Candidate*, a poem in quarto, published anonymously in 1780, and favourably noticed in the *Monthly Review*. He now began to look out for a patron—for, fifty years since, a great name was nearly as efficient a passport to literary fame as was individual merit. In a fortunate moment, Crabbe fixed upon Edmund Burke, "one of the first of Englishmen, and in the capacity and energy of his mind, one of the greatest of human beings." To Mr. Burke the young poet submitted a large quantity of miscellaneous composition, on a variety of subjects, with a statement of his adverse fortune: that he came to London with 3*l.* in his pocket—that he had a little volume half printed, which the worldly-minded printer would not proceed in without payment—that an opulent peer had accepted the dedication of the volume, but would not advance a small sum of money for its publication: in short, that he was in debt, and threatened with a prison. Crabbe had no introduction to Mr. Burke, but his own letter stating these circumstances,—no recommendation save his distress; but, in the words he used in the letter, hearing that Mr. Burke was "a good man, and presuming to think him a great one," he applied to him. Mr. Burke, with scanty means himself, and unbribed by a dedication, did all that which the rich peer declined to do with it; but this was not all, for he gave the young poet his friendship, criticism, and advice; sent some part of his family round to their friends to collect subscriptions for his work, introduced him to some of the first men in the country, and very speedily became the means of pushing him on to fame and fortune. These interesting circumstances are related in Mr. Prior's *Life of Burke*.

Mr. Burke selected from young Crabbe's compositions, the poems *The Library* and *The Village*; the patron suggested in them

certain improvements, and Burke then took *The Library* to Mr. Dodsley, of Pall Mall, and gave many lines the advantage of his own reading and comment. Dodsley, himself no mean versifier, listened respectfully, and admired the composition, but, even with the strength of Burke's patronage, he short-sightedly declined venturing upon the publication. The poem, however, was printed: Dodsley was very solicitous for its success; and though by no means insensible of money, he gave to the author his publishing profits. The success of *The Library* led to the production of *The Village*, which Crabbe corrected and partly wrote in the house of Mr. Burke; who also invited him to Beaconsfield, and there placed him in a convenient apartment, well supplied with books, and treated the young poet as a member of the family.

While at Beaconsfield, Mr. Crabbe was introduced to the Right Hon. C. J. Fox, who promised him to read and give his opinion of any poetical attempts which might be handed to him. Mr. Fox, however, from several causes, and chiefly by Mr. Crabbe's delay, received no such attempts till the last year of his life.

"*The Parish Register* was submitted to Mr. Fox, and in part read to him during his last illness. "Whatever he approved," says Mr. Crabbe, in his preface, "the reader will readily believe I have carefully retained; the parts he disliked are totally expunged; and others are substituted, which I hope resemble those more conformable to the taste of so admirable a judge. Nor can I deny myself the melancholy satisfaction of adding that this poem, and more especially the story of Phœbe Dawson, with some parts of the second book, were the last compositions of their kind that engaged and amused the capacious, the candid, the benevolent mind of this great man. The above information I owe to the favour of the Right Hon. Lord Holland; nor this only; but to his lordship I am indebted for some excellent remarks upon the other parts of my MS."

Mr. Burke directed Mr. Crabbe's views to the Church: in 1781, he was ordained a deacon by the Bishop of Norwich, and priest by the same prelate in the year afterwards; and next, domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, at Belvoir Castle. As our author had not received a university education, he was offered a Degree by Trinity College, Cambridge; but he ultimately received the grant from the late Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth—thus becoming Bachelor of Laws.

Through Mr. Burke, Crabbe was introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds, at whose hospitable mansion he first beheld, and was made known to, Dr. Johnson, who gave the young poet his opinion of *The Village*.

"Its sentiments," says Boswell, in his *Life of Dr. Johnson*, "as to the false notions of rustic happiness and rustic virtue, were quite congenial with his own (Dr. Johnson's); and he took the trouble not only to suggest light corrections and variations, but to furnish some lines which he thought would give the writer's meaning better than in the words of the manuscript." Dr. Johnson wrote a letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, on returning the poem, "which," he observes, "I read with great delight: it is original, vigorous, and elegant."

(To be concluded in our next.)



(Crabbe's Cottage, Aldborough.)

From an elegant little volume—*The Wreath*; containing Poems from Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum Book, from its commencement to the present year; and, we must add, a few gems of Engraving as well as of Poetry. The Annual Pocket Book, by the way, is one of the most ingenious of its class, and deserves more than the extensive provincial celebrity it enjoys. The recommendation may be late in the season, but our lady-friends will, we hope, remember this note in the ensuing year. x x x 11 - 417

The Naturalist.

ANIMALS OF CEYLON.

THE island of Ceylon contains an abundance of curious animals, and a collection of them would make a fine Zoological Garden. Bishop Heber gives a few interesting notices of them. He was struck with the almost total absence of small birds in the interior; and he supposes that such scarcity arises from the serpents, with which the island abounds, destroying the birds' eggs. The honey-bird, which points out where the bees have built their combs, is found here. The serpents are among the most striking animals, and of these the Bishop furnishes some entertaining anecdotes. He says:

"There are only four snakes ascertained to be poisonous; the Cobra de Capello is the most common, but its bite is not so certainly

fatal as that of the Tic Polonga, which destroys life in a few minutes. These are fortunately scarce: experiments have been frequently made on the subtlety of its poison; the first bite will kill a fowl in less than a minute, but frequent repetitions seem to destroy its force, and very considerable provocation is required to make the animal bite, as if it was sensible its power of injury was weakened or quite lost. The ordinary size is between four and five feet: it is at all times indolent, and will not attack unless it is irritated. The Boa Constrictor is occasionally found of the enormous length of thirty feet. The bite is not poisonous, but its size renders it extremely formidable, though the stories of its attacking so large an animal as a buffalo, or even a cheta, seem quite untrue: it preys upon goats, fowls, and the smaller game. Alligators, of a very large size, are numerous in the rivers. The flying leech, which I never heard of before is very common in the jungles in the interior; and the native troops, on their march to Candy, suffered very severely from their bites, occasionally even to the loss of life or limb: their legs were covered with them, and streamed with blood. I saw one of these animals on a horse's leg; it is much smaller than the common leech; the largest is, when at rest, not more than half an inch long, and may be extended till it becomes as thin as a fine string. The smaller ones are very minute, they possess the power of springing, by means of a filament, to a considerable distance, and are very annoying to cattle and horses. There are also large black scorpions, lizards, chameleons, &c. and an astonishing variety of insects, with which we are, as yet, but imperfectly acquainted. The most curious of these are the leaf-insects, which assume the shape, size, and general appearance of the leaf on which they feed so exactly, that it is only on examination one becomes aware of their real character. I saw several, but the most extraordinary was one which lived on a thorny plant, the body of which resembled a stick, and was covered with thorns, like the shrub."

The Bishop, however, does not refer to the fish in Ceylon, which are not less beautiful in appearance than they are, for the most part, delicious as food. Of many of them neither drawing nor description had been given to the public, until Mr. J. W. Bennet, F.H.S. and Member of the Literary and Agricultural Society of Ceylon, commenced in 1829, the publication of a splendid work comprising a selection of the most remarkable and interesting from drawings made in Ceylon, from living specimens. Several of them are so extraordinary, that they might be taken for mere creatures of the artist's imagination, were they not accompanied by a certificate from the head men of the Fisher's caste, affirming them to be correct

delineations. One of the most curious of the specimens figured by Mr. Bennet is



The Leaf Moon Fish.

a species of *Chaetodon* which is very scarce on the southern coast. Its essential specific character will be understood by reference to the annexed Cut.

Dorsal spines, *a*, five. Dorsal and anal fins, *b, c*, broad. Caudal fin, *d*, with a brown band, *e*. Description. Branchiostegous rays, *f*, four. Dorsal, *b*, forty-two, five spinous, *a*. Pectoral, *g*, fifteen. Ventral, *h*, six, one, *i*, spinous. Anal, *c*, thirteen, three, *k*, spinous. Caudal, *d*, sixteen. Head without scales, *e*, golden; mouth small, lips thick, lateral line arched.

This fish being considered by the native fishers unwholesome, from a sort of food to which it is partial, as well as to the copper of ships, is never made use of. It attains a very large size, and is called *Kola Handah*, *Leaf Moon*, by the natives, from the resemblance it bears in the dorsal fin to the leaf of a marine plant; and, in the shape of the body, to that of a moon.

The Public Journals.

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF AN UGLY MAN.

I was born under the influence of an eclipse of the sun, on the 10th of November, 1799. Whatever grudges I may owe fate—and verily their name is Legion—I cannot, at least, accuse her of inconsistency; for she has invariably "suited the action to the word," and even the place to the event, with regard to me; for she so contrived it, that my advent should take place in the most frightful part of Cornwall, at a moment when all the winds and waves were at concert pitch, indulging in what the sailors call "*an ugly squall*."

I shall pass over my childhood, with all its nursery miseries, which were but the preludes to those which befell me in after-life. Suffice it to say, that my mother, being a lady of delicate nerves and high-wrought sensibility could not endure the sight of me, as she declared it always gave her a bad opinion of herself when I called her "mamma." My father was too much occupied with the intellectual amusements of drinking and foxhunting ever to see either me, or my brothers and sisters, of whom I had four; nor do I ever remember his noticing me, beyond remarking, with a sigh, whenever I was brought down to be shown to any uncles and grandmothers "What a pity it was that such a beautiful property should go to so ugly a young dog!" I had no sooner attained my sixth year, than I was transplanted to a preparatory bread-and-milkery. Wretched as my life had been at home from neglect, here it became positively insupportable from persecution. Then I was fag to the whole establishment, but to Mr. Henry Webster in especial, who was my senior by four years, and who generally seasoned his tyrannies by a spice or two of school-boy wit, such as—"I say, Clavering, go and get me my shuttlecock, that got up into the cherry-tree this morning;" or "Give me the pillow out of your bed, mine is so small; do now, there's a good fellow, for as you can't be ornamental you ought to be useful, you know." Upon another occasion, when I had refused to join in a barring-out for fear of the consequences, Webster exclaimed, "Ah, there's a fine fellow; that's right, Clavering, *don't* have anything to do with it, for it will be sure to turn out an *ugly* business, if *you* are concerned." Happy was I when the time came for my removal to a private tutor's. I thought here, at least, my persecutions would cease; but, alas! "Man (ay, and boy too) never *is*, but always *to be*, blest." Nothing could be more like Paradise and perfection than the first fortnight I passed at Dr. Tithewell's. Though, to be sure, it was only at Grabbingdon Rectory; *n'importe*, it was the first, last, and only place where I ever was "made much of;" and I shall always remember it with gratitude.

Behold me, in London, that focus at once of human bliss and bane, where most persons find their level, whether for wealth or for poverty, for birth, for talent, or for folly, for beauty, or for—yes, for ugliness. Why, then, might not I hope what others fear—to be outdone? Yes, for a whole week, while "I took mine ease at mine inn," I laid this "flattering unction to my soul," for I read no warning in the obsequious bows and smiling *impressment* of the waiters at the Clarendon. Moreover, I had accumulated a valuable moral capital of maxims, from which I was beginning to derive a comfortable

income of self-conceit. I treasured up the memorable boast of that arch-scoundrel, John Wilkes, that there was only a fortnight's difference between him and the handsomest man in England in gaining a woman's affections. I feasted on the false and absurd assertion of Philip Thicknesse, that "nothing is completely ugly that is not old," (I was only thirty, and lulled myself into a fool's paradise by carefully weeding my library of "Mason on Self-Knowledge," and all such egoistical "Daily Remembrancers.") Having determined to "turn my" own "silver lining on the" crowd, and dazzle and conquer by the beauties of my mind, I began to look about for a handsome, *sensible* woman, not *too young*, half Juno, half Minerva, who would be too intellectual to think of a man's person; but although this "bright Egeria" was not to think about my appearance, that was no reason why I should be equally regardless of it. My hair was decidedly against my inspiring a devoted passion, as it might have been easily mistaken for burnt flax; I therefore determined upon educating it into a state of perfectibility, through the medium of Mr. Rigmarole's Tyrian Dye. I never rightly understood the meaning of "the purple light of love," till I saw my own head in the glass the next morning, after my first application of Mr. Rigmarole's promises; but, like a too vivid painting, it melted down in the course of time, and a few hours after my head presented the appearance of a fine old Rembrandt, a great relief after it had so long glared upon my sight in all the aching paleness of one of Flaxman's illustrations: from that hour I began to look "As hyenas in love are supposed for to look, or A something between Abelard and old Blucher."

The deuce was in it, if, after literally *dying* to please the women, I could not succeed. As I was extended on the sofa one morning in the dog-days, quaffing hock and soda water, in order to allay the parching heat of a large fire which I was enduring, that my hair might dry the sooner, and enable me to get out to Richmond to dinner, my man entered with a note—"From Lord Castleton, sir—the servant waits an answer." Castleton was a college chum of mine.

"Dear Clavering,—If you have not disposed of yourself for this evening, either positively or conditionally, will you look in at Mrs. Damer's, No. —, Grosvenor-street? She is a beauty, a blue, and a widow, therefore thought she might be in your way, and, as she gave me a *carte blanche*, have filled it up with your name; but mind, I give you fair warning, not to think of her sister, who is a perfect goddess *de seize ans*.

"Ever yours, CASTLETON."

This note caused me to relinquish all ideas of Richmond for that day, lest fatigue, heat, and dust should be more malicious than

nature, still. I for Cas quite a month's smiles, "You an extra the bot for me violent, siddled, derson' been bl take M send m the mo contrac violets, and I s and — who p than m of viole and M them, a substiti tion the for one will see towards you; th exclaim So-and violets: one ca moment fered t world! year; b always fully de they are fair crea diately etition, as a p acceptin I cou ten, to beauty—indeed had eve voice! said sh Castleton in her sister v Psyche, coquette curled laughin near h Grosven

nature, and make me look less attractive still. I was already in love with Mrs. Damer, for Castleton's sneer of her being a blue was quite as efficacious a spell as six whole months of "becks, and nods, and wreathed smiles," would have been to any other mortal. "You need not fear, Castleton," cried I, in an extacy, as I poured out the remainder of the bottle of hock: "no flippancy and fifteen for me;" and so saying, I rang the bell violently, when my servant entered. "Jefferson," said I, "order Ganymede to be saddled *instantly*, and go *yourself* to Henderson's for my violets. "Ganymede has been bled this morning, sir." "Well, then, take May-fly, and tell them to be sure and send me the large double violets." From the moment of my coming to town, I had contracted with Henderson to let me have violets, *all the year round*, for 150*l.* a year, and I should strenuously recommend —, and —, and —, *cum multis aliis*, who possess no more personal attractions than myself, *never* to be without a bouquet of violets, *except* in the months of February and March, (when all the world can have them, and therefore a moss-rose should be substituted); but it is astonishing the sensation they produce, and the notice they obtain for one, in December or July. Then you will see eyes, that never would have glanced towards you otherwise, fixed admiringly on you; then you will hear the sweetest voices exclaim — "Oh, Mr. Such-a-one, or Lord So-and-so, where *did* you get those *dear* violets?" To have anything belonging to one called dear, and still more, the next moment, to see what was dear in you transferred to the most beautiful bosom in the world! *This*, at least, is cheap at 150*l.* a year; but I am obliged to go farther. Having always a collection of very costly and beautifully designed rings hanging to my chain, they are sure to attract the attention of some fair creature or other; upon which I immediately invent some Polish, or Turkish superstition, as belonging to them, which serves as a pretext for my presenting, and their accepting, them!

I could hardly wait patiently till half past ten, to present myself at Mrs. Damer's. A beauty—she was a perfect goddess; a blue indeed! She was the cleverest woman I had ever met in my life; and then, *such* a voice! She *thanked* me for coming, and said she had heard so much of me from Castleton. I need not say my violets were in her bosom at the end of half an hour. The sister was certainly pretty; looked like a Psyche, not come out, half cherub, half coquette; but the corners of her mouth curled up too much, and her eye was too laughing and restless for me to venture much near her. I soon became an *habitué* in Grosvenor-street. Oh, those delicious, long,

lounging morning visits!—when I had the extacy of hearing—"Not at home" to every one but myself! We talked politics, metaphysics, physiology, and even sometimes common sense; but we had not yet got to sentiment—*N'importe cela viendra*, thought I, and in thinking so, every morning found some new offering on Mrs. Damer's shrine, from her devoted slave. I happened to possess a copy of the original edition of "Shaftesbury's Characteristics;" I had valued it as the apple of my eye, but this too was sacrificed to my celestial, or, as Castleton called it, cerulean, passion: but I was more than repaid by the grateful delight with which it was received. A few days after this my last gift, I received a note from Mrs. Damer; it was the first note I had ever had from her. Oh, the effect of that *first note* from a woman one loves! I do not know whether to call it electricity or natural magic, or what; the note was only to ask me if I would go with her and Dora (her sister) to Deville's, and she would call for me at three; but it was read, and re-read; and I had to write my answer over six times before I could indite to my satisfaction this eloquent reply:—

"Dear Mrs. Damer,—Yes, with the greatest pleasure, and I shall be ready when you call for me at three. Ever faithfully yours,

"AUGUSTUS CLAVERING."

Mrs. Damer and Dora were half-an-hour later than they said, and I thought it six hours at least; at length we were *en route*, and I was sitting opposite to all that I cared to behold in the world! I reaped comfort from the harvest of human ugliness which is always to be found in the Strand, and my thoughts actually became pleasant thereupon, till I saw two or three successive patterned and umbrellaed damsels touch their companion's arms, look at me, and laugh; then all became doubt, strife, and bitterness within me—so true is it that

"Life is a comedy to those who think,
A tragedy to those who feel."

Mr. Deville soon explained to us all the "*vacuums*" and "*horgans*" in our respective craniums; but said so much of the wonders of mine in particular, that Mrs. Damer and Dora became very urgent that I should have a cast of my head taken. I resolutely refused, for very cogent reasons. Mr. Deville pushed back a phalanx of skulls and lamps, and began entreating me with great gesticulation and oratory; still I was immovable, till Dora whispered me, with her little malicious will-o'-the-wisp smile, "If you so obstinately refuse to become a slave of the lamp, you never can expect to have a slave of the ring." Mrs. Damer, coloured at this speech, and said, imploringly, "*Do*, Mr. Clavering, let Mr. Deville take a cast of your head. I should *so* like to have it." There was no resisting this; so, with the air of a martyr,

I sat down, and, like an excommunicated nun, was soon walled up alive. When I was released from my plaster Pandemonium, Mrs. Damer and her sister were laughing, almost convulsively, over a slip of paper that Miss Dora was holding. I begged to be let into the jest, but they refused. Emboldened by my own great stretch of complaisance, I snatched the paper out of Dora's hand, and had the satisfaction of reading the following epigram on myself, which she had scribbled with a pencil, while I was enduring torments to please herself and her sister:—

Love triumphs, and the struggle's past;
To seem less strange in beauty's eye
He'll "set his fate upon a cast,
And stand the hazard of the *dye*."*

This was too, too much. No sooner were we reseated in the carriage, than I began a pathetic remonstrance with Mrs. Damer upon the impropriety of her allowing her mad-cap of a sister to turn everything into ridicule, and make a laughing-stock of everybody. She replied, with the most insulting *sang froid*, "Really, Mr. Clavering, in this instance I must acquit Dora; for, as Lord Shaftesbury very justly observes, 'there is a great difference between seeking how to raise a laugh from everything, and seeking in everything what justly may be laughed at.'" This was indeed barbing the arrow with a feather from my own wing, and so making the wound rankle more deeply. Was there ever such heartlessness?—but those *clever women* never have any heart. With this thought I dashed open the carriage-door, and sprang into the street. I hurried on, and never stopped till I arrived at my own room; there I forswore all ideas of love, at least of marriage, from that day.

Three years have elapsed since my adventure at Deville's. I am now thirty-four, and most true is it that

"Time, who steals our years away,
Steals our pleasures too;"

for it has stolen away the only pleasure I ever had—*hope*. I am now too old to hope, and consequently unfit to live. My property is also considerably diminished, by foolish generosity, and in all attempts at propitiation I have failed; even a little French opera-dancer, who took my diamonds when I addressed some verses to her, beginning with

"O toi à qui l'amour à pretoit tous les charmes,"

had the impertinence to return me *Ninon de l'Enclos'* well-known answer to a similar effusion—

"Eh bien à l'amour prête des charmes,
Pourquoi n'empruntois tu pas."

I shall only record one more of my adventures, or rather failures, as Lord Byron's journal of Mr. Hobhouse's piscatory exploits

* I have heard, Mr. Editor, another story respecting the origin of this epigram, and have known it attributed to another lady. I say, with Mahomet, "Mine is the only true account."

would, with a slight alteration in the wording, serve right well for "an abstract and brief chronicle of the rise, progress, decline, and fall of my *bonnes fortunes*,"—i. e. "Hobhouse went out to fish—caught nothing."

I was beginning to forget the many bitter lessons I had learnt, and feel a great deal more than was either prudent or proper for that prettiest of all pretty women, Lady —; for at all times, and at all places, she not only spoke to me, but spoke kindly to me. She asked me one night if I would go to the Opera with her. We were *tête-à-tête* till nearly the last act of the "*Medea*." I have no doubt Pasta was more divine than ever, but I neither saw nor heard; I was thinking I had never seen such eyes, or such an arm as Lady —'s. I was going to tell her so, when the door opened, and Castleton came in. He was my best friend, but I wished him most sincerely far elsewhere; he stayed out the whole *ballet*, but he left us in the crush-room. Georgiana, as I now began to call her in my own mind, leant on me; I put her into her carriage; in getting in she dropped her handkerchief; I picked it up, and thought I never heard such music as the voice in which she said "Thank you;" she would have said it just as sweetly to an adder that had got out of her way. The next morning saw me in Belgrave-square by two o'clock. I was admitted; Lady — was in her boudoir; the atmosphere was heavy with the breath of flowers, and the deep shade of the rose-coloured blinds at first prevented my perceiving that she had been in tears. She withdrew her handkerchief, and tried to smile when I came in. "Good heavens, Lady —," said I, "what can have made you so unhappy? I do not ask *who* has done so, for *no one could* be barbarian enough." After a little hesitation, and a fresh burst of tears, she at length sobbed out, "Lord — is so very unkind to me—so—so angry—about the Opera—last night." The next moment I was at her feet, and grasping her hand, exclaimed, "Dearest Lady —! angry at your going with me!" She withdrew her hand hastily, and smiling, nay almost laughing outright, through her tears, said, "Jealous of *you*! Oh, no, no! Mr. Clavering, no one *could* be jealous of *you*, which was the reason I asked you; but it was *be—be—because* Lord Castleton came into my box, though I am sure he did not stay ten minutes." Here was another agreeable *denouement*. I rose and strode to the window. My eyes fell upon my five hundred guinea horse (which I had bought solely because Lady — had admired it).

"A shudder came o'er me, why wert thou so dear?" I left the house—I vowed vengeance against love. I next tried public life, and stood the other day for a certain borough, but all the women were against me, and—but what

matter details—I lost my election. My father has been dead some years; my baronetcy is ancient enough, heaven knows; there is moreover a dormant peerage in our family. Will not these soften the heart of some gentle Zelica, and throw a silver veil over my unprepossessing physiognomy. Shall I try an advertisement?—mystery has great attractions—or—What's this, Jefferson? a roll of paper—the last caricature. Ha! confusion—the Lovely Lover! What, this in St. James's-street!—crowds round the window! 'Sdeath;—I shall go mad! Caricature, indeed! I wish it was—it is an exact likeness—a copy from the very picture I gave to the French opera-dancer, after making the painter flatter the resemblance as much as he could!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

TO MY BRIDE.

Thy timid dove, when first she dares to wander from the nest,
Mistrusts the very breeze on which her pinions learn to rest;
So tremblingly thou leav'st, my love, the sheltering ark of home,
With one whose faith must yet be prov'd, the world's wide waste to roam.
I read thy tender doubts in the mute language of those eyes,
I hear them too confess'd in those involuntary sighs;
And now thou turn'st thine head away to hide suspicion's tear,
And the pale cheek that would betray the vague surmise of fear.
Thy bosom, palpitating, tells the pulses of the heart,
That from thy childhood's favourite haunts could not unmov'd depart;
Deeming each object dear on which the light of memory's rays,
Reviving all the early scenes of youthful pleasure, plays.
And there is one, to whose embrace thou still dost fondly cling,
Like a young bird that peril shuns beneath its parent's wing;
'Tis She, who rear'd thee "from the world, unspotted, undefil'd,"
And breathes a farewell blessing now upon her darling child.
I, too, have felt the fervour of a mother's boundless love,
And prize 't as the purest bond that nature ever wove;
Nor think that I could wish thee e'er its golden links to break,
With such as could make light of this, all other ties were weak.
I could not chide the precious tears, that feeling bids thee weep,
For her, who by thy cradle us'd her anxious watch to keep,
Whose tender and unceasing care could never be repaid,
Who would approve with smiles, and by her sighs alone upbraid.
Oh! think not I could e'er awake within thy guileless breast,
One pang that could avail to mar its sweet and hallow'd rest;
Or seek to poison at its source thy young affection's flow,
By mingling with its tide of joy the bitter cup of woe.

Lovely as woman's form may be, 'tis delicate and frail,
And like the pliant willow bends beneath the passing gale;
But I would hope to shield thee from each rude and chilling blast,
And make thy future life as fair and blissful as the past,
Then learn to trust this heart that beats for its belov'd alone,
And swells with an unfeign'd delight to feel thou art its own.
That shall not be found wanting when its constancy is tried,
But to its first devotion ever true, my lovely Bride.
Dublin University Magazine.

Retrospective Gleanings.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 239.)

IN the next year, came out the great charter of their privileges—an instrument which, if its conditions had been preserved, would have raised them in freedom and security even above the native subjects of the realm. By this charter, it

"Was granted, not only to the English Jews, but likewise to those of Normandy, that they might reside in the king's dominions, freely and honourably; that they might hold of King John, all things which they held of King Henry I. and which they now rightfully hold in lands, fees, mortgages, and purchases; and that they should have all their liberties and customs, as amply as they had them in the time of the said King Henry.

"That if a plaint was moved between a Christian and a Jew, he who appealed the other should produce witnesses to deraign his plaint; namely, a lawful Christian and a lawful Jew; that if the Jew had a writ concerning his plaint, such writ should be his witness; that if a Christian had a plaint against a Jew, the plaint should be tried by the Jew's peers; that when a Jew died, his body should not be detained above ground, and his heirs should have his chatels and credits, in case he had an heir that would answer for him, and do right touching his debts and forfeitures; that the Jews might lawfully receive and buy all things which were offered them, except things belonging to the church, and cloth stained with blood."

"That if a Jew was appealed by another, without a witness, he should be quit of that appeal by his single oath taken upon his book; and if he was appealed for a thing

* So Mr. Madox, in his *Hist. Erceby*, p. 174, translates *Pannus Sanguinolentus*. But I believe it signifies no more than deep red or crimson cloth, which is sometimes called *Pannus Blodeus*, or bloody cloth, relating merely to the colour of it. For in the accounts of the Prior of Burcester, who gave his servants red liveries, we read—*Et in Blodeo panno capto pro Armigeris & Vascillis*. Kennet. *Paroch. Antiq.* p. 576. But why the Jews were not permitted to buy red cloth is to me a secret. Bloody cloth, strictly so called, I think they wouldn't buy.—*Ang. Jud.*

that appertained to the king's crown, he should likewise be quit thereof by his single oath taken upon his roll; that if a difference arose between a Christian and a Jew about lending of money, the Jew should prove the principal money, and the Christian the interest; that a Jew might lawfully and quietly sell a mortgage, made to him, when he was certain he had held it a whole year and a day; that the Jews should not enter into plea except before the king, or before the keepers of the king's castles, in whose bailiwicks the Jews lived.

"That the Jews wherever they were, might go whither they pleased, with their chatels, as safely as if they were the king's chatels, nor might any man detain or hinder them: and the king by this charter commanded, that they should be free throughout England and Normandy of all custom, tolls, and modiations of wine, as fully as the king's own chatels were; and that his liege men should keep, defend, and protect them, and no man implead them, touching any of the matters aforesaid, under pain of forfeiture, as the charter of King Henry the Second did import."

By another charter, granted on the same day, it was decreed, that all differences amongst themselves, which did not concern the pleas of the crown, should be determined by themselves, according to their own law.

For these charters the Jews paid four thousand marks. The immediate consequence of these favours was, to excite discontent and envy among the people; who straight began to accuse the Jews of crucifixion, of circumcising their children, and false coining; for which the mayor and barons of London were severely reproved by King John.

This solicitous care of the Jews lasted during the first ten years of the reign of this monarch, without his demonstrating that they were his sole property, except by a great many private exertions of arbitrary power over them, which appear on the records. As in the instance of Robert, the son of Roger, who had married a wife, whose father was much in their debt, for which debts the king granted him a full and complete discharge. And in the taking away a house from a Jew, and giving it without any consideration, to Earl Ferrars.

John, in the eleventh year of his reign, began to act to the Jews in his real character, and disclosed his hitherto concealed purposes. An account of the measures which were adopted by the king is thus given by Dr. Tovey.

"But the next year after, viz. 1210, in the eleventh year of his reign, the king began to lay aside his mask, and finding that no new comers made it worth his while to stay any longer, he set at once upon the old covey

which he had drawn into his net, and commanded all the Jews, of both sexes, throughout England, to be imprisoned, till they would make a discovery of their wealth; which he appointed officers to receive in every county, and return to his exchequer. Many of them, no doubt, pleaded poverty, or pretended to have given up all: but as the tyrant was in earnest to have their last farthing, he extorted it by the most cruel tortments.

"Stow* says, that the generality of them had one eye put out. And Matthew Paris tells us, that from one particular Jew at Bristol, the king demanded no less than ten thousand marks of silver, (a prodigious sum in those days!) which being resolutely denied him, he commanded one of his great teeth to be pulled out, daily, till he consented. The poor wretch, whose money was his life, had the courage to hold out seven operations, but then, sinking under the violence of the pain, ransomed the remainder of his teeth, at the price demanded. The whole sum extorted from them, at this time, amounted to three-score thousand marks of silver."

Again:

"John therefore being disappointed of any foreign assistance, his subjects were able for some time to cope with him, and the troubles continued. Which continuing, likewise, his occasion for money, the Jews were called upon a second time, after their fleeces had been suffered to grow for four years. In vain did they take refuge in their common plea of inability. For some of them, who dwelt at Southampton, being tardy in their payments, the sheriff was commanded to imprison them immediately in the castle of Bristol, and send up, forthwith, to London, all such sums of money as he had already received from any of them, or should receive hereafter."

Again, when the king was contending with his barons, the Jews reverted into the hands of the latter as legitimate plunder.

"But after this second storm was blown over, they met with nothing but fair weather for two years; and then, the war continuing between the king and his people, the barons (whose lands had been miserably ravaged by the king's forces) coming to London, made what reprisals they could upon the king's Jews; and after having ransacked their treasures, and demolished all their houses, employed the materials of them to repair the city walls and gates, which they had broken down at their entry."

Our antiquary adds:

"Yet, altho this year proved unfortunate to the Jews at London, it might be reckoned favourable to the Jews in general; for within two months after this accident, they were acknowledged by the king to be so consider-

* Matthew Paris and Stow, ad annum 1210.

able a body of people, as to deserve some notice in his Magna Charta; an honour thought proper to be omitted in the new great charter, which was afterwards published by King Henry the Third."

The last act of King John to the Jews was to employ them in a deed, to execute which he could not compel any of his Christian subjects. Having taken a great part of the Scotch army, who assisted the barons, prisoners at Berwick, he determined to inflict such a variety of tortures upon them, that he could find none, except the Jews, whom he was able to force, that did not refuse to be made the instruments of his cruelty. The Jews, in the neighbourhood, were therefore obliged to become his executioners.

The first act of the guardians of King John's successor, Henry the Third, was a measure in favour of the Jews. This monarch, like all his predecessors, began his reign with an indulgence to the Jews. It was soon after this, and for the ostensible purpose of distinguishing and protecting them, that the king, by proclamation, ordered, that all Jews, resident in the kingdom, should wear upon the fore-part of their upper garment two broad stripes of white *linen* or *parchment*.

These encouragements, it appears, drew great numbers of foreign Jews to settle in this country, and consequently excited loud complaints among the mass of the people. For, independent of usury being held in abhorrence, and of the detestation which always burnt fiercely against the religious tenets of Judaism, the Jews understood the secrets of trade much better than the native merchants. In consequence of their extensive connexions abroad, and their knowledge of the use of bills of exchange and other negotiable paper, they were enabled to cultivate commerce with great advantage: thus their inland traffic was well supplied; in addition to the convenience resulting from the brotherhood, which existed among them, and amalgamated all the Jews in England, as it were, into one extensive firm. The consequence of all this was, a great outcry in the nation against the Jews, on the part of the people, who were vigorously supported by the clergy and resisted by the king. Stephen Langton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, held a synod, in which, among other things, it was decreed,

"That Jews do not keep Christian slaves. And let the slaves (says he) be compelled by ecclesiastical censure, to observe this; and the Jews by canonical punishment, or by some extraordinary penalty contrived by the diocesans. Let them not be permitted to build any more synagogues; but be looked upon as debtors to the churches of the parishes wherein they reside, as to tithes and offerings."

And both he and the Bishop of Lincoln published an injunction, that no Christian should hold any intercourse with a Jew, or sell him any provisions, under pain of excommunication. These injunctions were quickly dissolved by the precepts of the king, directed to the principal officers of the towns where the Jews chiefly resided. Dr. Tovey observes, on this clerical plan of starving the Jews out of the country:

"Persons unacquainted with the nature of false zeal, when backed by authority, will scarce believe that the Jews had been in any great danger of starving, tho' the king had not interposed in this matter. Yet Rapin tells us, that when the Gerhardine hereticks made their appearance in the time of Henry the Second, and orders were given not to relieve them; the prohibition was so punctually observed, that all those wretches miserably perished with hunger."

The Christians of the middle ages seem to have been very little solicitous about the conversion of the Jews from their erroneous faith, though there was a place in London, called the "House of Converts," established for their reception. For it appears to have been the universal custom of the Christian princes, to seize upon the property of every Jew that embraced the received religion—a practice which held out but small inducement to produce a change.

(To be continued.)

The Gatherer.

Champagne.—In travelling through the great plain of Champagne, the traveller sees nothing that serves to connect that province with the wines of which he has heard so much: plains, unless in hot countries, produce but indifferent wine,—but at Chalons, if he pleases to partake of a *dejeuné à la fourchette*, he may command for the small sum of eightpence, a bottle of as choice Champagne as would cost six shillings in the French metropolis. This is the only thing that can recommend Chalons to the traveller's notice,—the vine that produces the celebrated Champagne, grows on the small rocky eminences that lie towards the frontier of the province.

Vin-de-Bar.—It is at Bar-le-Duc, where grows the *Vin-de-Bar*,—a wine not much known in England, but which is in considerable estimation in France,—the steepes on every side of the town, are covered with the vine which produces it; it is rose coloured,—pleasant in flavour,—and sells at about eight sous per bottle.—*Inglic's Tour in the Tyrol.*

Tea in Bavaria.—I did not venture upon breakfast at Lindau,—because, the evening before, having entrusted my tea-pot to the waiting girl, for a supply of boiling water, I

found myself sipping a cup of bad lemonade; and upon a scrutiny, I discovered that it is the practice in Bavaria, to flavour the tea with a few slices of lemon. Generally speaking, the tea one purchases on the continent, needs nothing to disguise its taste,—it is both good and cheap. An odious monopoly has not forced into existence, puffing establishments to vend trash at a low price; I paid at Strasburg 4s. per lb. for excellent black tea,—and about 4s. 8d. for green. If the traveller in Bavaria wishes to breakfast comfortably, he must carry tea along with him; tea is not to be obtained in the country inns; and if coffee be asked for, it is served up in a most unsatisfactory way. In place of as much coffee and boiled milk being prepared, as will fill two or three breakfast basins,—one small pot, containing about a gill of coffee, and another, containing about as much boiled cream, are placed upon the table. This mixture besides the small quantity, is too rich to be used otherwise than as a cordial.—*Ingis's Tour.*

Singing and Jumping.—Handel was once the proprietor of the Opera-house London, and at the time presided at the harpsichord in the orchestra. His embellishments were so masterly that the attention of the audience was frequently diverted from the singing to the accompaniment, to the frequent mortification of the vocal professors. A pompous Italian singer was once so chagrined at the marked attention paid to the harpsichord, in preference to his own singing, that he swore, that if ever Handel played him a similar trick, he would jump down upon his instrument, and put a stop to the interruption: upon which Handel thus accosted him:—"Oh! oh! you vill jump, vill you? very vell, Sare; be so kind, and tell me de night ven you vill jump, and I vill advertishe it in de bills; and I shall get grate dale more money by your jumping than I shall get by your singing."

Comfortable Lodgings.—A gentleman about to take apartments at Clifton Hot Wells, remarked that the stucco was broken upon the staircase. "It is very true," replied Mrs.——, "but I have had the places in question repaired so often, that I am tired of the trouble, expense, and dirt; the mischief you see is occasioned by conveying coffins up and down stairs; and this circumstance occurs so often, and the undertaker's men are so careless, that I really thought it labour in vain to have it repaired, when, perhaps, I might have it to do again in a fortnight."

Salvation.—There are some always in all ages whom their own happy nature, with the assistance of God's grace, preserves from the contagion of surrounding wickedness. Were it not for these, who are the salt of the earth,

the whole human race would be swept away, as at the deluge.

A Gentle Hint.—An uncle left in his will, eleven silver spoons to his nephew, adding, "if I have not left him the dozen, he knows the reason." The fact was the nephew had some time before stolen it from his relative.

Guitars.—There is at Mittewald, a small manufacture of guitars; three persons follow this trade, and produce from their workshops, neat looking, and well toned instruments: they cost about fifteen florins (35s. ster.),—and are all sent to Munich, and no doubt sold there, as Spanish guitars,—which they exactly resemble in shape. This little manufacture has given a musical turn to Mittewald: my entertainer possessed a guitar, which he played upon indifferently: I saw another in the inn parlour; and I heard the sound of a third as I was leaving the town.—*Ingis's Tour.*

May Day in Bavaria.—In every village is the garlanded Maypole; so that Bavaria has not yet parted with her old customs: and so little progress have new lights made in Bavaria, that her peasantry do not yet despise a merry-making.—*Ibid.*

Hofer.—Gold cannot purchase any life or account of Hofer, in the Tyrol; and at one time, the sword, and other relics of this patriot, now preserved in the Museum, were shut up, and forbidden to be exhibited; but this it was discovered, was pushing the system too far; his memory was too much cherished to render it safe to suppress every memorial of him; and this order was recalled, that the Tyroleans, if they could not follow the banner, might at least handle the sword of a patriot.—*Ibid.*

Anatomy.—It is said that the earliest law enacted in any country for the promotion of anatomical knowledge, was one passed in 1540. It allowed the united company of Barbers and Surgeons to have yearly the bodies of four criminals to dissect.

T. GILL.

Forestalling.—A gentleman endeavouring to put up his gig at Wandsworth at a review of light horse, was told that there were already three horses in a stall. "O then," exclaimed his companion, "if that is the case we are completely forestalled."

Epitaph.

Here lies John Adams, who received a thump Right in the forehead from the Parish pump, Which gave him his quietus in the end, Tho' many doctors did his case attend.

T. GILL.

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